A Ballad on the Gyants in the

Physick Garden in OXFORD, who have been breeding feet as long as Garagantua was Teeth.

To the Tune of the Counter Scuffle.

WHat is our Oxford Africa?
It teemeth Monsters every day
About East-bridge which is the way
To *Whately.*

In *Boberts* Garden there are two,
Which lately had nor foot nor shoo,
Which now have both in publique view
most stately.

That these are Gyants you may guesse,
Byth' Foot as well as Hercules,
And as by Tallons nothing lesse
Than th' Lyon.

They'r Grimme as any dogge of Hell,
Though heads so many we cant tell,
For only two (and yet that's well)
We spy on'

Two heads are better farre then one
In any Consultation,
But these don't joyn but fix like stone,
Their Noddles.

They speak by Figures or by signes
Without Communication lines,
Or any Books of deep Divines
New Moddles.

Without th'Library or the place
At the South Port, where *Bacons* Face
A Fryar of our English Race
Did venture.

On that men call, blesse us! Black Art,
By which he made the clowns to start,
And drove some of them with a F----
To th'Center.

This *Roger* (so his Forename shews)
These heads did make, with Copper Nose
And taught them language that out goes
Our knowledge.

But how I wonder came their Feet
So greene, so great, so thick, so neat
A hundred come them for to greet
From Colledge.

Nay one from *Ricot* of late dayes
Who 'mong the Peers may wear the Bays
These verdant Gallants to their praise
Did visit.

Whereby these Gyants credit got
And he that late the Poem wrot,
But 'tis a Ballad, is it not?
Who'le misse it.

Our Gyants are familiar
With Simpling Tribe, and minister
The Plant, *Tres-humble Servieur.*
And Physick

Of Agrimony, Sage, and Rue
And garden Rhabarb, Dosed true,
[illegible]
by Tyron.

They guard a Book full of such Plants
And fright out snailes, locusts, and Ants
And any vermin foule that haunts
These places.

Apples they doe preserve as good,
As in Hesperian Orchard stood,
Which make Lambs-wool [illegible]
For Races.

All sorts of Cherries doe grow here,
And strawberries frequent appeare,
Conceive I pray at time oth' yeare,
For Winter

As well as Time, will nip sweet Face
And spoyle those Colours Ladys Grace
When that Grim fire doth set his Mace
Or Print there.

Here's medc'nal' herbs for Galenists,
Not powders for our new Chymists
Who are lame *Vulcans* fry Priests
And hammer

Spirits out of the simple leaves
And vig'rous dust, which Jesuit gives
Far worse the patient oft receives
From's Gammer.

Alders-gate street doth not afford
Such heaps of hearbs for bed, or board,
Nor piles of Sallats, sawces for'd
For belly,

Nor Westminster, nor yet the Strand
Nor any Garden of the Land
Such hearbs as come through *Jacobs* hand
Can sell yee.

Besides the Marvells of *Peru*,
Of most delicious various hue
No Painter can with pencill doe
Such colours.

There's stemms of Alo's like Whale-bone,
And teeth like Sword-fish every one,
Yet never yet hurt any one
Oth' Scholars:

For *Jacob* and his Gyants will
Not suffer any thing that's ill
(Unlesse it be for purge or pill)
There growing,

For all the plants are of his paines,
He diggs, he setts, but heaven raines
But 'las! he has but little gaines
For's Sowing.

There is a youth call'd little *Jack*
That shall with working break his back
(Unlesse his breakfast he do lack)
Hee'l muck it

Like any plowman in the field
Until the ground her fruit doe yeeld,
So oft with water herh he fill'd
His Bucket.

What would you more then Gyants high
Forbeare yee to approach too nigh,
You'l fright the Lady *Dulcina*
TO BOSO.

And yet that Lady hath a Knight
That will [illegible]
[illegible]
To doe so.

To all adventures dangerous,
As the Mill night can tell to us,
This Knight will some times fiercely rush
And's Man sterne

Theres no avoiding of that Knight,
[illegible]
[illegible]
Lanthorne.

Not *Faux* like on a black designe
To mirth he only doth incline
And hath a Page, if no Moon shine,
Attending

For hee'l nor carry coales nor light
Nor yet his Squire, who goes upright
But yet they are for any wight
Defending

Or injur'd Lady, or Fleec'd sheepe
Good lack what Racket they doe keep
And never Eat, nor Drink, nor Sleepe
Till Gyant,

And one-eyd Monsters humbled are
Unto their feet, which smell most rare,
With making constant Fewd, and warre
ô Fie on't!

What though these Gyants harnest be
Compleatly too, That's Cap a Pe,
And can with Feet deale lustily
In boxes.

Yet Don *Quixot* is arm'd allso
With brasse helmet of *Mambrino*
Hee'l suffer them no harme to do
To's doxes:

So that 'tis prudence to induce
The Knight and Giants to a Truce,
That we the Garden still may use
In quiet,

And drink what springs from Scurvy gras
(Without making a scurvy face,)
So shall we keep this pleasant place
From Riot

And filthy Routs which spoile soft joyes,
The sports of the mad Girles and Boyes,
When they are in their merry Toyes
And Ranting

But *Bobert* is a sober soule
And watches like an *Athens* Oule
To see of mirth no lawfull jowle
Be wanting.

But if the Poet, as is meet,
For these his paines you do not greet
He thus takes pennance in a sheet
To please you.

In Print when he doth next appeare
He hopes to make it plaine and cleare
That of your Melancholy feare
Hee'l ease you,

If not hee'l lay another gin
And try to catch you once therein
To put you on a merry pin
And jolly:

If then he failes his *Badger* rimes
Shall to the tune of Corfax Chimes
Sing *Nought* [illegible]
But Folly.

FINIS.

1662